



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Revenge never pays or affords a net profit to either party.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

The great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well doing.

Many men claim to be firm in their principles, when really they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

The strongest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is strongly united by fiercest fire.

Hope binds the frame of man with strong enchantment. The bitterest end awaits the pleasure that is contrary to right.

There are often rare abilities lost to the world that are ill bestowed on those who do not know how to employ them to advantage.

Knowledge is made by oblivion, and to purchase a clear and warrantable body of truth, we must forget and part with much we know.

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches.

The bee, though it finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from its rambles, and why should not other tourists do the same?

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.—*Chaplin.*

Wis is brushwood; judgment is timber. The one gives the greatest flame; the other yields the most durable heat; and both together make the best fire.—*Sir Thomas Overbury.*

There are some people who are so happy, smelling and plucking the roses about them, that they never think of the slugs and creeping things that may be at their roots.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

A moderate understanding, diligent and well-directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts.

What higher joy can come to the soul than a consciousness of steady, upward growth—growth that is without end and without limit? Why should I be troubled because I can not measure the [results of this day's work? To-morrow will tell the hidden tale of yesterday.

There is a virtuous fear which is the effect of faith, and there is a vicious fear that is the product of doubt. The former leads to hope, as relying on God, in whom we believe; the latter inclines to despair, as not relying on God, in whom we do not believe. Persons of the one character fear to lose God; persons of the other character fear to find him.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## A Word to the Old Sea Captain.

Ship ahoy, my good sea captain. Weigh anchor and wait a bit, while I speak to you from the shore. I read your lengthy article in the GOLDEN GATE, that each week seems more golden, because of the burnishing influence of honest thought that illumines its columns; and I confess myself much amused at your honest premises, reasonings, and conclusions.

Though looking from the shore, you seem to me to be nearing a break in the main tide over which you are sailing, and from which the waters flow in two distinct directions. The current of the division that runs landward breaks in uncertain ripples, thereby showing a decrease of volume; while the oceanward-flowing division shows upon its surface waves like unto those seen only on the great deep, a part of which it at last becomes.

I imagine I hear you say to this, "A woman's fanciful philosophy, unbased on good sound logic;" and I smile to myself, for I fancy your thoughts are like the great waded tide on which your eyes have so often gazed, impetuous and independent. I am fully conscious that women are looked upon as talking much, yet saying very little after all, as though all their cargo were on deck, with nothing stored away for an emergency. Being a woman, I must stand within the very shadow of disadvantage, yet, my sea-faring brother, if I hit all the points of the compass at which you have tarried, with fewer words than you have made use of, you will be obliged to lift your hat to me with most becoming reverence.

Now, without further parley, we will for a time forget the great world, with its mighty thought tides surging in different directions; and while you smoke your pipe in true sailor fashion—that is, if you have not outgrown the habit—I will unravel to you some of the wondrous principles brought me from angel land; though I will first say that I have many years been a Spiritualist, and have, though only a quiet, unobtrusive woman, received much through my own intuition and medial unfoldment. The angels tell me souls are born as a result of chemical assimilation between the positive and negative, or father and mother principles of Deity; and because law in its action and result is two-fold—I mean when it first becomes embodied in material forms or structures—it follows that souls are not the "hit and miss" result of chance, but being fully related to exact law, are born dual; or, as some writer says, and very appropriately too, "twin souls of the eternities."

I am also told that between such there is such an exact measurement and blending of soul chemicals, that there is ever a record, he marshalled in on the dual principle, two of each kind. I have never taken any decided stock in the story as it is accepted, and think, on the whole, it was a decided joke on the receptive capacity of the ark, which, in my opinion, had the worst of it.

I am a full believer in what is termed re-embodiment, not from what I have heard or read, as, strange as it may sound, I have never as yet read any work on the subject; but there comes to my soul's consciousness an indisputable appeal to which all my conscious self bears testimony. Besides, when but a young girl, there was woven in my waking hour, half born pictures of other scenes, that I knew belonged to my existence, though

when and where I could but partially recall. In the years that have since come to me, the mist has somewhat lifted itself from the valley, and I see more clearly; and seeing, accept as the most royal dispensation of love and wisdom the much reviled doctrine, which, like all other principles, to be appreciated must be understood; and with the peace light in my soul, if I knew I had yet to make other journeys in a material land, I should look forward toward my labors most contentedly, if I felt that in doing so I could be to the world a bearer of light, as well as a recipient of still higher good.

I am taught that soul land, or life there, quickens in the soul brain the higher attributes, that unfolding makes even more divine, while life in the material world, which is the testing crucible, proves the exact power to which the soul has attained. As I understand it, mind and matter can not be unrelated to each other, until mind becomes triumphant over the lesser good, called evil, and inherent in matter. I know of no one who has not some battles to fight in order to express divine attributes. I also understand that just as long as a soul can be overcome by evil, and can do that which the higher attributes, when quickened, disapprove, just so long are they candidates for re-embodiment.

There are those who do attain to conditions of soul, where self-love no longer rules, but instead universal love lights all the soul's chambers, and the heart goes out in helpful love to humanity. Such, in my opinion, need no farther discipline of a material nature.

You may say, why can not one grow divine in soul land? They can and do, but following this growth there must be a material trial of the same, or the growth is not proven, as the soul makes no actual record, and knows not for a certainty whether it be fully redeemed or not. Growth and trial are the two-fold conditions under the arch of which, it is my opinion, all must pass towards the Father's house.

I laid down the paper for a good laugh at your original and odd way of expressing your ideas, concerning "Tom, Dick, and his baby," and I said to myself, His ideas are the result of not seeing the truth as it is only a small portion that is visible, and that appears to disadvantage by virtue of poor light. One needs to use "headlights," as the chimneys are less disguised by smoke.

Now I will tell you what the angels tell me on this point. I am taught contrary to many wise heads of course, that the soul, which you of course will understand is the actual ethereal body, in the brain of which the spirit is enshrined, is not cast into a material form. I think I should object most loudly to such a proceeding myself, and, as you express it, seems to me a plain impossibility, as well as in very poor taste. It also seems to me that no one with any delicacy of feeling would or could ever consent to being bundled into another, and not pull back most stoutly.

Now this is just what I am taught: Souls wishing to become related to material conditions become the propellers of forms through which they express their desires and attributes by becoming attached to the same at birth, through the electric cord at the brain and the magnetic line at the heart, these being the two main centers of the soul and material forms from which minor centers are formed, which, as physicians know, in the physical, are ever responsive to the greater or main centers. In the light of this explanation "attachment" is seen to be more appropriate than the expression "re-embodiment" or "re-incarnation," which in truth signifies to be cast into. I notice this theory is being accepted by some of the Christian scientists, and I do not know but by all.

In view of this one never loses his identity, as the soul form is the real and abiding form, while the material counterpart serves only for a little time, and the name of the physical is the only thing that is missed, and that, so far as I know, is retained until another attachment occurs. No, the "little one in the cradle" is not playing possum, because the soul-brain can not fully express itself until its counterpart, the physical brain, has grown to a complete measurement thereof, when it can be said of the soul, It has come into the material inheritance, and thereafter records actual growth. It is true the material seldom receives from the soul brain lines of history that tell

of the past, as it is not for that that the soul makes its attachment. Such brain condition is unnatural, and is proven such by the fact that it is ever present with us, that we are ever reaching out toward the future, instead of peering over our shoulder for, that which we have left, wherein would be no growth.

I know little or nothing concerning occult science or theosophy, save that which, like an inflowing tide, comes to my own consciousness, and I quite agree with you that the idea of souls floating in a slipshod manner, with great staring, winkless eyes, is entirely too spooky for my business; yet I do not say there is no truth mountain somewhere in the distance that casts just such a shadow, because earth bound souls are not sufficiently illuminated to discern; in fact, I dare not say any principle is entirely at fault until in my own experience I have proven it so. Now I will tell you just what I do think about the astrals that occultists insist do, with a certain amount of ego, wander here and there seeming aimless and perhaps witless.

You know I have given my idea of the souls' attachment to material forms. Well, I believe that, because they are not cast into material forms. They do, while the body sleeps, go wherever they may be attracted, their appearance indicating only a semi-conscious condition at times, while at others they seem bright and vivacious. I am told this by angels, and also that there is an actual necessity in the soul going thus from the form, because of what it can gather of higher magnetic and electric life with which it is enriched, and becomes a willing and beneficent cashier to the physical.

Doubtless you have heard of people being seen a great distance from their material bodies. I can well remember hearing such incidents related when I was but a mere child. Doubtless you, too, remember that it used to be the height of enjoyment for several matronly looking women to gather around a bright wood fire on a winter night, and as they knit with deft fingers the softly wound yarns of clouded blue, mingled with the click, click of needles all sorts of ghostly tales. Many times have I felt my breath almost stop while I looked toward the long, dark stairway for the coming of a tall, grim, visaged dweller of real ghost land. Among the stories then told I remember most distinctly those referring to what at the present would be called astrals; their appearance is explained to me through the fact that souls are not embodied in, but attached to earthly forms.

Occult science as it comes to me seems to need the illuminating tapers that light the higher realms, where love, as well as wisdom, holds positive reins. You seem not to accept the principles of matehood, at which I do not wonder, as there is so little said explanatory regarding it.

I smiled again at the picture you drew of Mr. Fox in the halls of light while his earthly wife is still in the land material, and I thought to myself it had better not come to your heart that Mrs. Fox might have grown to the condition of universal love, wherein she feels the supreme justice of each soul claiming its own.

If Mr. Fox had in this life been wedded to five or six wives, as is some times the case, and they had all gone home before him, don't you imagine that, with your conception of the truth, Mr. Fox would have been in a dilemma? It seems to me, to say the least, that there might have been some rare confusion that would have called for a Solomon to settle, which, under the light of mate-hood, would not exist.

What lady could feel perfectly at home with three or four husbands making positive claims for her attention? Surely under such provision Mormon colonies would be the rule, and as a result a large share of unmarried souls would be wandering about with a great wonder in their hearts as to why the land of souls had been called heaven. I think I have seen both husbands and wives, who had they anticipated anything so adverse to their feelings as living together, would have appealed to the court of heaven for an eternal divorce.

Family ties are all right, and doubtless will continue to exist just as long as there is a soul demand for their continuance, and no one is compelled to return to earth-conditions till the need of the soul makes its own intercession. I am told soul-land existence usually exceeds many times the

duration of material existence, so no one living here now need fear the missing of those they love, when they too obey the home call.

I think there will come a time when all will have so unfolded in the diviner attributes, that love, from being bestowed on self, will become universal, and the children of one planet will be brothers and sisters, having attained to an understanding of matehood that will in no wise do away with the pleasant memory of incidents and associates that were either lessons not to be forgotten, or helpful incentives to higher conditions.

Surely, no dear friends will of necessity be sacrificed to substantiate any theory, as no great good is ever lost. I have left one point untouched, at which I dare not even look, as I expect our patient editor will write in a hesitating manner over the length of an article I really intended to have short, but which ran on and on because I am a woman, and nobody but

COUSIN RUTH.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Some Past Experiences.

BY DR. D. D. PALMER.

I have often thought of putting in print some unusual spirit experience, thereby giving to the public more diversity of spirit phenomena.

The phenomena I am about to relate occurred about sixteen years ago. The reader will excuse brevity. At Keithsburg, Ill., a medium entranced, rubbed her palms of her hands together, and, showing the palm of the right hand to me, said, "Look." Upon it I saw a very distinct picture. As soon as I would say what I say, it would be repeated, and I would see a different picture. This was repeated many times.

On another occasion, there were six persons present, including my first wife, myself, and others, who were all, or nearly all, mediums. Without any cabinet, or anyone being entranced, we had several material manifestations of spirits of which we could all see equally well in different places in the room.

As I have said above, my wife was a medium, and one of the best I ever knew. She was very sensitive, and easily controlled by spirits. Her principal control was a German girl, who gave her name as Emma, but further than that I never could get any history of her earth life. Her pronouncement was always the same, being that of an English-educated German, whereas my wife was born in Wisconsin, and knew nothing of German. This Emma often gave me a moral lecture about something I had said while absent from my wife and home.

On many occasions, upon retiring for the night, I have requested Emma to awake me at a certain hour. When making this request, it was immaterial whether my wife was awake or asleep; but at the time appointed, Emma, through my sleeping wife's physical, would call me to wake up, at three or four o'clock, as the case might be. This call would be made just before the clock would strike.

On many occasions, upon retiring or returning home late in the evening, my wife being asleep, Emma and I would have a talk upon intellectual subjects, on which she was my superior; and if I should ask some question upon a subject of which she was not a familiar, she would ask some spirit who was familiar with that question, and give me the desired information.

On one occasion, I wished to discontinue the conversation, and so requested two or three times; but Emma continued to talk, so I mentally said to myself, "I can talk as long as you can." And we did talk till day-break, my wife rising at the usual time, having had her night's sleep, and knowing nothing of our conversation. Those were days of happiness coupled with thoughts of melancholy that my wife would not always personally be present with me.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

AS LONG as we are young, suffering and sorrow is a hurricane which robs us of our health. As we grow old, however, it parades more and more of the nature of a zephyr, which merely adds one more furrow to our wrinkled face and one more white curl to our hair.



## Matter and the Atom

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE ATOM.

NEW PROPERTIES.

## WHAT IS MATTER

BERLIN HIGHTS, Ohio.

BY MRS. EVA CASSILL.

Written for the Golden Gate.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

It is vain to trust in wrong; as of evil, so much of loss, is the form of human history.—*Parker.*



## A Few Thoughts.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

By your permission it will be a pleasure to present to your numerous readers a few thoughts which may perhaps have some bearing upon re-incarnation as well as upon Spiritualism. "It is in the diversity of opinion, as in the diversity of sounds, sights and colors, that the well ordered brain takes delight;" therefore, the GOLDEN GATE delights in being tolerant to diversity of opinion of its many contributors, for which all should be pleased.

Christianity came to bring "life and immortality to light;" and after it should fall away, was, in the fullness of time, to come again and make things clear. Paul saw "only in part," but when Christianity should come in its fullness, then "that which is in part would be done away."

Spiritualism has come to give light to man in all the relations of human existence; and these relations extend into the supra-mundane world. Hence, it is correcting errors of those out of the body, as well as of those in it. "And I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power, and the earth was lighted with his glory." That angel is Spiritualism. When it is generally accepted and its teachings practically applied, will make our social, commercial and governmental relations anew—a new earth; while genuine Christianity—Christ's second appearing—will make for us a new heaven, founded upon fact, not fiction, myth nor superstition. By the light of primitive Christianity, John and Paul saw the new heaven and new earth, although they saw "as through a glass darkly."

The distinctive thought that I would advance, is, that man is not necessarily immortal in the future state, but, after entering the ethereal or spirit world, so called, may sometime in the ages, lose his consciousness and individuality as a finite creature; in other words, he may lose his soul after death of the physical body. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Whoever will save his soul in its earthly relations shall lose it, and whoever will lose his loves of the earthly relation, shall find them immortal on a higher plane of being. We live in our loves; they are our life. Animals have souls, or ethereal bodies, and live after death, as is quite generally believed by learned Spiritualists; but we do not expect them to live eternally; they are not immortal souls, but subject to dissolution. As the animal body at death is not absolutely lost, but goes back to dust, so, in a similar manner, the soul, after existing its allotted time in the interior world, goes back to the ocean of indivisible life elements. If a person persist in living in those faculties common to man and the lower animals, may he not also lose his soul, and his spirit, the divine part, return to God?

It has been, and is now, supposed by many that the soul is the interior and immortal part of man's nature, whereas it is exterior to the spirit. If God is a spirit, His emanations, of which we are, are spirit also.—O. F. Shaw, in *Golden Gate* of Oct. 29, 1887.

Although it is the opinion of spiritualistic speakers and writers, and taught by spirits, that to live after physical dissolution is the resurrection, is immortality, nevertheless, that was not the esoteric teachings of Jesus and his immediate followers. The immortality He taught was something more than consciousness after death, for, as a nation, the Jews to whom he preached believed, and their scripture taught that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were alive, for "God was their God, and He is not the God of the dead, but of the living;" but immortality was the unfolding of the human loves from the plane of the partial and selfish to one on which they are universal and unselfish. It was to be in this world, and when Jesus left it, he preached the same doctrine to the spirits. There are two worlds, or two grand spheres of being. The loves in the first are centripetal, having self as the center; the loves in the other are centrifugal, distributive, having the good of all sentient being as the central motive, from which every action springs. The loves in the former, the fundamental and lower world, are, by their very constitution and make-up, partial, narrow, selfish; they are for me and mine, for private property, for the highest seat in the synagogue, for the front and best cushioned pew; while the loves in the other world are broad, impartial, unselfish and universal; they are for community of interest in all things, temporal and spiritual, "all for each, and each for all," to prefer others to ourselves, to love our enemies, to do good to those who use us despitefully, etc. Those who are born into this higher world, from which Jesus' kingdom came, "can not die any more, for they are equal unto the angels, being the children of the resurrection." This higher condition is no doubt referred to in a paragraph "from the Sun Angel Order of Light" in *GOLDEN GATE* of March 18th, 1888. "There is another beginning, the glory and beauty of which is shut from your mortal eyes. As yet ye know not, nor can conceive the beauty and glory of that immortal life. No beings as father and mother we will find, but the great Power of life and love will still beckon us on and on." Jesus was inspired from, and lived the life of this higher sphere—the Christ sphere.

There was no greater prophet and developing medium than John the Baptist, who aided Jesus to attain to a condition in which he could receive, as a continual

guide a spirit from this higher world, this "other beginning" of life and love. John saw this sphere open and saw the spirit descend upon Jesus, and remain with him. After that he spoke sometimes from himself, at other times from the spirit.

Jesus was begotten of the spirit, by the over-shadowing power of God, through the ministration of the angel of the higher world, while he was yet in the womb; and this personage was recognized by his mother, Mary. While he was a child and growing into manhood, his loves, peculiar to the earthly relation, were being unfolded into the resurrection state, into which he was conscious of being born, and to which he referred at one time, when he said to his parents, "Wist ye not that I should be about my Father's business?" and also when he said to Nicodemus that he must be born again in order to enter the kingdom of heaven. The kingdom of heaven had come in the person of Jesus; it was within him, and he taught his disciples to desire it to come within them. But there were comparatively few who could receive it while in their material bodies, for "there are few that be saved" from the selfish relations.

The kingdom of heaven is not a mythical nor miraculous state, but comes by evolution and angel ministration. As man was built upon or evolved from the animal world, so immortality is an evolution of human mentality; this mentality including all of man's loves. And the law is applicable to spirits out of the body as well as to those in it. Heaven of any sphere is harmony of that sphere; but heaven of one sphere may not be heaven of another. Hence we have the prophecy of a new heaven and a new earth. This new heaven is the immortal condition to which Jesus had attained, and to which he advised his hearers to strive to enter, for many would seek, but not be able to enter it.

EDMUND YOUNG,  
Cor. Twentieth and Carroll streets, East Oakland, April 12, 1888.

## A San Francisco Medium in Portland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday evening the hall occupied by the First Society of Spiritualists of this city was literally packed. At least fifty remained standing. Mrs. Ladd-Finegan occupied the platform, and was in her happiest mood; and gave, I should think, at least fifty tests, varying from the little child that left the mother all heartbroken, to the gray-haired father and mother who passed over in the full maturity of years; and many a one received intimation of events that are soon to follow, and if they do, will demonstrate the fact that those on the other side of life have quite as keen perceptions of coming events as we have.

One gentleman in the audience, with a light moustache, was informed that a man with a long beard, a friend of his, wanted to be recognized, as he had something important to communicate. The man said, "I have no friend with long hair that I can recognize." The medium tried to correct his misunderstanding of the description, when quite a warm discussion, not very pleasant to the audience, ensued, in which the man with the moustache came off second-best, as a lady sitting near by said that she recognized the description very well, and that he was a friend of the man in question.

It occurs to me that it would have been quite as well if the spirit had let the matter drop without a discussion, for I believe that as a rule "if you convince a man against his will, he will be of the same opinion still." C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OR., April 9, 1888.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## The Capabilities of the Mind.

BY GUSTIE F. HOWE.

The possibilities of a broad, expansive mind are unending. In proportion as we give to others of our thought, just so much are we benefiting ourselves also, for as we freely give, we also freely receive, and new thoughts and new ideas come to us more lofty, more aspiring and more powerful. If we suppress ideas that come to us and give not of them to others, they weigh us down,—we feel loaded, oppressed and heavy; while if we give of our thought at every opportunity, we are lighter, happier, and receive new thoughts and new ideas to replace the old.

We of to-day are not the same beings we were yesterday, as we throw off physically waste matter from the body, so we need to throw off mentally as well; hence, those who settle down to one set of thoughts can not grow or advance. If we live a secluded life, brooding over wrongs, living in the past, we are made weak and sick, physically. In proportion as we give of our thoughts are we made strong, mentally; and as the mind controls the body, so are we made strong, physically. A healthy mind and new thoughts produces a healthy body and strong magnetic influence, and therein lies the secret of the attraction one person may have for another. The person attracted absorbs the thought from the other and is stimulated by it. The expression that "is open confession is good for the soul," is not fully understood by many. It is the giving of the thoughts that makes the soul happier and the heart lighter, because we open the way for new thoughts to enter, and new thought is new life.

ONSET, Mass., April 8, 1888.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## The Spirit Side of Life.

[Given through a private medium by the spirit sister of H. H. Kenyon, at St. Paul, Minn.]

When I was in earth-life there was no joy equal to that found among congenial friends, and this is why I am among you at this time, to bring your words expressive of the love that reigns supreme in the spirit world. My home in heaven is one of restfulness and peace, where the great difference between the earthly and spirit home is that here we know, from the surroundings of a home, whether we would be welcome there or not. When we see that we would be, there is no hesitancy in approaching, and it always happens that the occupant is certain to come down the path to meet and greet us with outstretched hands and a welcome sparkling from the eyes that never leaves us in doubt, and as we are led to the home, we are made to realize that this stranger is in sympathy with us, and I frequently remain long in the homes of those who never knew me in earth-life, simply because the bond of love makes me welcome; and when we separate it is with the knowledge that ever after we shall meet and greet each other as sisters, as firmly bound to each other as though we had come from the same home-nest in earth-life.

There are many things connected with this life that will puzzle you quite as much as anything you have found in earth-life, and it looks to me to know as will require a long life here to know as much as most people imagine they will know as soon as they get here. Earth-life does not seem to prepare us for the realities we meet upon this side. This life is not just what I imagined it to be, but it is in no way any worse, while in very many things it far surpasses my brightest hopes. I did not look for anything resembling earthly scenes, but find greater beauty upon every side than is to be found with you there. This may appear to you as imaginary, and doubtless will, because heaven has always been described to you as a place where the streets are paved with gold, and peopled with those who have nothing else to do than sing praises to God for being allowed a home there. When I recall this description so often given in my presence while living there, I do not wonder that every one coming into this life is lost in amazement at first, and for some time wonders whether he is dreaming of "fairy land" or not. There are no golden streets, etc., to be found here, so far as I can learn, but instead are grass, flowers, foliage, and the most lovely scenery imaginable, which fills us with more pleasing thoughts than would golden streets to walk upon. Gold would be of no use to us, while flowers and beautiful scenery always fill the soul with thankfulness for the creator of them, and leave no unpleasant reminder, as is frequently the case when the possession of gold is thought of. The thought of gold carries us back to earth-life, and the suffering there, for the need of things that only gold could secure, while flowers and the beautiful scenery of this life come to us with joyful thoughts, and in no way tend to lead us earthward.

One thing in particular will prove an acceptable surprise to you very soon after coming into the full knowledge that you have passed the border land and taken up your abode upon this side, and that is the number of congenial ones who have so soon learned of your coming and gladly meet you with greetings of welcome.

Though I came into this life by one of the shortest and unexpected routes known, some way the fact of my coming had been made known, and I was received and cared for by loving ones, some of whom I had never known, but all were in loving sympathy with me; they seemed to understand the trials I had passed through in earth-life, and gladly came to pour the healing balm of loving care over my sorrows. A very pleasant surprise came to me with the fact that so many appeared to know me, and freely extended the warm hand of greeting. These greetings overcome all the sorrow of leaving earth-life, except the love of a mother for children left to face the cold storm of adversity so certain to meet them there.

Did you ever consider that the majority of mankind come into this life with no more knowledge of the spirit world than they had the hour they were born into earth-life? I presume not, but such is really true, notwithstanding the fact that men have for ages been pretending to instruct the people "how to get to heaven, and what they will see when they do get there." I wish a few of these pretended teachers of spiritual things could come into this life long enough to get a "revelation" of the real life here, then they could explain this truth so that "Christians" would not be the most unhappy and surprised persons coming into this life in heaven.

There are no words at my command equal to explain the surprise of those who have been promised a crown of diadems, spotless robes and wings of great beauty, to enable them to glide along golden streets that they can not find here.

My mission in earth-life was not to preach, but could I return and do so now, it would be to carry the glad tidings that when the mortal body is laid away in its last abiding place the spirit or real person has passed through the gates of the resurrection morning, and been received by

loving ones upon the beautiful shores of the spirit world, and that the life passed upon the earth has very much to do with the joys entered into upon awaking upon this side. It does not depend so much upon your belief as upon the work for good done before coming here. I have met those here who have come from the fold of the church, and also those who never professed to be more than "good neighbors," and usually the good neighbor has experienced greater joy and a warmer reception, and has been greatly surprised to find his garments shining more brightly than those who relied so much upon belief. Faith without work is of little value in making up the account upon this side of life.

I would be glad to give you plain directions about entering into paths leading to joy and restfulness upon this side of the grave, and the plainest guide I can now think of is to follow your conscience and the right, ever listening and obeying the still voice within you, and all will be well with you in earth-life as well as in heaven, for the star of good endeavor in earth-life brings a brighter light to us than profession without works. You will not be required to tell what church you came from, but the robes that you wear at that time will produce the record of your life for good and evil, and your greatest anxiety will be to learn the way to erase the stains that appear upon your garments; and it is a glorious truth that if you wish to, and go to work in the proper manner, the stains will all be washed away, and your robes become white as wool; and when this is done it will become plain that you have had more to do with the renovation or purifying process than any one else; you will receive help in this work, for the universal motto here is: "Come up higher."

Hold the door wide open so that we may come, and rest perfectly assured that our mission will always be for good only.

SARAH K. ACKER.

## Mrs. Lillie.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have noticed in your excellent paper that you are to have that worthy lady, whose name heads this article, as your leading speaker at the June Spiritual Camp Meeting. Your many readers and the public generally do not know what a treat is in store for them. I know the lady very well, and do not hesitate to say that she is one of the grandest instruments used by the spirit world to convince humanity of the truths of Spiritualism. Her every lecture to the public is both uplifting and convincing, and delivered with a power hard to withstand.

As President of the First Spiritual Society of Minneapolis, Minn., I engaged Mrs. Lillie for the month of September, to lecture for the Society. We secured the Alcazar Theatre (we had formerly held our meetings in a small hall in the third story), opened the doors free, and depended upon voluntary contributions for our success. And our success was complete. The first Sunday our audience numbered about four hundred, and continually increased, and instead of remaining only during September, we secured her for October and November; and our closing audiences numbered from eight hundred to a thousand. She is not only a grand inspirational speaker, but often will stop in her lecture and give splendid tests of the presence of those gone before. I trust she will receive a hearty welcome from the good people of the Pacific Coast, and I know that you will part with her with regret when her work with you is finished.

S. N. ASPINWALL,  
917 Market street, San Francisco.

## Seven Bibles of the World.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of these seven Bibles, and not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud, and the gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, king meaning web of cloth, or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings can not be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century before Christ. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of Max Muller, Wilson, Johnson and Whitney that they are not older than eleven centuries before Christ. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest or all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century before Christ. Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries before Christ, and therefore has a clear margin of three hundred years older than the most ancient of the sacred writings.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Psychic Force.

Psychic force as applied to mediums is not to be confounded with the spiritual principle which emanates from upper or higher conditions. It is of a materialistic tendency, and gravitates downward. It impresses the brain, and flows as the electric current flows to its point of destination. It is not responsible for the message it carries, but brings to bear at the point of reception the full force of the thought which elsewhere has its origin. It carries, as it were, the wave thought from one point to another, till the thought is distributed and becomes common property wherever its subject has been reached.

Its object has not been attained till the force of the thought has expanded into higher conditions, and other thought is evolved. The objective point of this thought being reached, its expansion follows, from the subjective to the objective in the same manner, and higher thought still is evolved.

The spiritual condition determines the point from which attraction proceeds. The higher the condition of a nation, the higher the point from which the flow commences. The higher the spiritual condition of the individual, the higher becomes his spiritual surroundings, and the higher the point from which the spirit force commences its flow.

The yearning of the natural man for something higher than himself is ever visible and is ever answered. As the aspiration increases in strength from the lower to the higher, the power of the spiritual life increases, and the dawn of the one with God is beginning to be visible, and but for the stumblings and falling backwards of poor humanity the highest life point would more quickly be reached.

The constant attraction of lower or earth forces, acting against the higher, keeps the lower in preponderance, and must so continue till the earth life is better understood, and humanity stands ready to guard the sacred portals leading from time to eternity, to prevent the entry and exit of such forces which attract us earthward, and which bind the two worlds in unholy embrace.

The dividing line is not perceptible for the reason that man is sadly undeveloped as regards his spiritual nature till death and suffering have done their work. The beauty of the higher life is not understood till earth has lost its savor of sweetness, and something more than earth can give becomes our desire. We reach for wealth. Hordes of spirits out of the body attract themselves toward us. Some strong to do, some weak and feeble in their attractions, but all anxious to prove for themselves the grandeur of worldly possessions, and the bliss in this way to come to them. They may realize their desires to find that in the multitude of their possessions is only misery, but still they can not bear to part with them, and even in death the attraction continues, till some one can be found who can attend upon them, watch over their earthly possessions, in fact, so consociate themselves with them in such a way that attraction downwards must be the result, till, by bitter experience, the soul has extricated itself from its entanglement, released its victim, and passed on higher in its search for bliss immortal.

These attractions of earth life are the snares which beset our footsteps even as mediums. To become popular mediums, to do worldly work, to command public notice, is too often the only aspiration of the otherwise conscientious medium whose worldly advantages, even as a medium, have not yet sufficiently illuminated his spiritual nature, to make it available as a leader of truth beyond the fact that through the senses he has been able to furnish to the skeptic indubitable proof of life immortal.

Many who for years have done this work have given no farther proof of their true spirituality, and are waiting themselves for higher development to prove that the earth life must be shorn of its attractions to free the surrounding spirits from their hold upon them, to give life and illumination to their own souls as well as to lift those who would receive life from them, truth of a higher character than they as yet have been able to bestow.

Until then must we sit in darkness. Till the divine life irradiates them must the mediums themselves be but the machines of the lower influences, which the church denominates evil, and which the thinking mind must perceive as the one thing needful which is to lift us above the suspicion of our enemies, and to help us to evolve new truth.

C. E. S.

## Grove Meeting.

CLACKAMAS, OR., April 14, '88.

The Clackamas County Society of Spiritualists will hold a grove meeting on their grounds at New Era, Oregon, beginning Friday, June 8th, and holding over two Sundays. The Committee of Arrangements will use every reasonable endeavor, including the usual reduction of fare to those attending the meeting, to make the meeting a success. The Society has a good hall on the grounds, and a hotel for the accommodation of boarders and lodgers.

A cordial invitation is extended to all. Wm. Phillips, President, Thomas Buckman, Secretary.



## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888.

## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

There is a brighter day coming for our glorious cause—a day when Spiritualism shall no longer go barefoot and in rags, begging for a crust. The dogmas of a false theology, whose name is legion, are all comfortably sheltered from the rude blasts, while our little ewe lamb is shivering out in the cold.

Readers of the GOLDEN GATE should bear in mind that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents. We admit a wide range of topics bearing upon our facts and philosophy. This calls out thought, and makes the paper interesting to many readers who, otherwise, would probably never see it. Our own opinions, when considered of sufficient account, are found in the editorial columns.

How little we know of life and its possibilities—how little of the here or hereafter. We realize that we have come from an infinite past, and are moving on toward an infinite future; but wherefore? The countless millions of human beings who have lived their little day and passed on—for what purpose, or what uses in the economy of creation, who can imagine? We can only know that we are, God only can know the rest.

Alas! how often is the cup of hope dashed from the spirit's lips, and we awaken to the dull, cold reality that our dream of joy is over. The fond anticipation of happy days to come,—days of delight in plans and projects that give a rosate tinge to life, and make its cares and duties all the less irksome,—is swept away with a breath, and we take up the old burden and journey on, and on, till the sunset shall kiss our eyelids to sleep—the last sleep.

How the vain and perishable things of this life—wealth, position, fame—all dwindle into utter insignificance as compared with the unfading treasures of the immortal spirit. We brought nothing into this world but a little pink lump of clay; that which we take out is of no more value than dust. All that we are, and all that we can possess forever more must be of the spirit. How are we off for that? is a question we should consider just now.

We predict that the time is not distant when there shall arise in this great city of San Francisco a beautiful temple, erected for the uses of the angel world—a temple with a complete publishing department for the printing and dissemination of spiritual literature, a grand hall for spiritual meetings, a book depository, free library, reading and seance rooms, suitable offices for workers in the cause, etc. Oh, ye custodians of God's bounties upon these Pacific shores, are ye not ready to assist in placing our holy cause in a position where it shall command the respect of the world.

A grave mistake, which even Spiritualists are slow to recognize, is the fact that spirits are by no means infallible, but are wise and otherwise, just like mortals. They may have opportunities for knowing many things that mortals do not; in fact they may possess, as doubtless many of them do, wisdom vastly superior to our own, and yet they are only fallible, with all a finite being's tendency to err. How often have we heard spirits questioned in matters that only a being of infinite intelligence could answer, and the questioner would be surprised to learn that his spirit friends were only human after all.

Probably no more artistic and forcible writer—certainly none more unfair and intolerant—can be found in journalistic ranks to-day than the irrepressible egotist, Frank M. Pixley, of the *Argonaut*. When he confines himself to such topics as "The Pope's Irish," "The Ingratitude of Political Parties," etc., he can usually make himself interesting to a certain class of readers. Another class, perhaps, may enjoy his ignorant and senseless tirades against Spiritualism; but if he could see himself, in these matters, as thousands of more reasonable, and quite as thoroughly minded as his own, see him, he would instantly feel an intense disgust for himself.

## PERVERSION OF PSYCHIC INFLUENCE.

The realm of psychic power and influence is yet mainly an unexplored region. Its boundaries have never been traced—its mysteries never solved.

The student of spirit lore encounters, in his researches in this wonderful realm, many strange realities, and is often staggered with apparent realities that are as deceptive as the mirage of the desert.

Who that has had any considerable experience in spirit communion can not recall old-fashioned promises of better things to come, the fulfillment whereof is yet in the future? To the sorely distressed from any cause, there is ever presented a coming day rose-tinted with hope; to the sick, restoration to health; to the poor and homeless, a day of reasonable affluence. That these promises, and more, will be fulfilled sometime, in this life or the next, is no doubt true; and as the communicating intelligence, taking no note of time, may catch a prophetic glimpse of the outcome, its prediction may not be untrue,—certainly may not be intended to deceive.

A young woman of our acquaintance, herself the soul of honesty and good attention, once possessed the spiritual gift of automatic writing. Her father, who was an invalid, and to whom she was deeply attached, left her home in the Sierras, one bleak winter, for the more genial climate of one of our Coast valleys, for medical treatment. The mails in that region, because of the terrible mountain storms, were then most uncertain, weeks often intervening without a letter from either reaching its destination. But all this time, through the daughter's hand, came the cheering message that what purported to be some loved one in spirit life, assuring her that her father was convalescing, and that she would surely see him in the mortal again,—when in fact he was slowly failing, and finally passed on to the other life, and she saw him no more on earth. From that time she refused to yield her hand to the intelligent, but apparently deceptive power that had long controlled it, believing that the intelligence was wholly malign and mischievous.

Another case in point is that of a medicament, whose only child, a noble lad of some dozen years, was stricken with a self disease. For many months he lay languishing on a bed of pain, slowly but surely wasting away, and steadily nearing the river whose dark waters lake the unseen shore. And yet, through all these months, and almost until the very hour when her boy's precious spirit took its flight to its eternal home, did her own dearly loved guides hold out to her the delusive hope that he would surely recover.

Now the question arises, Where the spirit intelligences in the instances mentioned really evil, and intending to deceive? Were their comforting words and assuring hopes monstrous expressions of demonic power, intended to trifle with the holiest affections of the mortal soul? We can not believe it possible; hence, we must seek for an answer more in harmony with the eternal principle of God that dominates the universe.

It has often been demonstrated that when a spirit comes into our atmosphere, and enters the aura of a psychic or sensitive, it becomes more or less subject to the dominant thought of that psychic. It sees things often, no doubt, as its medium would have them seen, and not as they really exist. This tendency of the controlling spirit to become in thought and desire a mere counterpart of the psychic, varies in degree with each sensitive and each controlling spirit. But there is a law here, where more clearly understood, will teach Spiritualists and mediums shows, are ye not ready to assist in placing our holy cause in a position where it shall command the respect of the world.

Our spirit friends come to encourage and strengthen us in our good endeavors, to comfort us in affliction, to stimulate our hopes, and lead us into better ways of life. They are but human, like ourselves, and by no means infallible. If a physician should honestly err in holding out false hopes of the recovery of your sick friend, or if you were tried and trusted friend should honestly advise you to your injury, you would not cast him out of your life. We must patiently wait, striving ever for the truth; and especially should we seek for the unfoldment of the highest and best in our own spirits.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE RUM TRAFFIC.—Some things are self-evident, and need no proof or demonstration. One of these is the fact that the disfranchisement of woman is the true and only basis upon which the liquor dealers of our land stand secure. Did this need any proof, it would be found in the prompt acceptance by, and the use of the liquor league is making of Mrs. Corbin's frank when speaking of the impulses, passions, sentiments, and all feelings of which has been the interpreter for a long lifetime. It would speak of a devout thought, a pious desire, but which Dr. Channing says, "is better than a great estate, or an earthly kingdom."

helping to make the laws that, in turn, are to make or mar the happiness and prosperity of homes. But the principles of Prohibition are growing; woman is firm in her demands, and all rights will come in time, simply because they are right, and justice to all is finally done.

## THE REAL.

It matters not what one possesses here, however grand, beautiful and perfect, it all serves really but one purpose to the individual—the creation of finer ideals. The more fully one's wishes are gratified, the more exalted becomes the ideal yet to be attained.

Thus it happens that those who possess little or nothing of worldly goods find their ideals in the possessions of the more fortunate. We aspire by attainments—the greater they materially and intellectually become, the greater our conception of what they should and may be. One never truly grows by another's acquisition, though they may refine and elevate by their contemplation. Each must acquire for him or herself all the world has for either, or all he or she can wrest from it, by legitimate means, then growth is assured. Indeed our growth begins with our first effort to get and to become.

But what is this growth after all, worldly and mental conditions? Someone tells us it is spiritual strength, wisdom, that will be so much capital for our benefit as immortal souls. This we doubt not, if we turn it all to good account here, which is probably the best sphere of the many for practical good doing.

The philosophy of Hermes was that this "visible world is but a picture of the invisible, where, "in, as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in "equivocal shapes, as they counterfeited some real "substance in that visible fabric."

Let us hope there is no more genuine hardship, suffering, and drudgery in that real world than is seen here; and if by our toiling and aspiring, we may create tangible ideals that shall substitute them hereafter, let us to the task, both for ourselves and others, whose burdens are greater and strength less. Let us aspire unto all that is beauty and peace.

RESPECT FOR THE DEAD.—Of all the heathens of our land none give us so much concern as the Chinaman, not so to how we shall save him for the kingdom, but how to get him back to and keep him in his own. While this problem is pending there is something we may learn from John that eighteen centuries of Christianity has failed to teach us—universal respect for the dead. That each individual holds deep down in his heart a reverence for his own dead, we do not doubt; but nine persons out of ten, as the world goes, do not hesitate to designate another's dead as "spooks," "ghosts," and "goldens," when they attempt to re-establish communication with mortals. In the minds of Christians their so-called dead undergo such direful changes that they shudder at the thought of beholding them again. But how is it with the heathen and his degraded? To them the dead are "become spirits." "They have returned to the shades." "They have taken farewell of the world." "They have gone a long journey." "They have gone to be of the ancients." Could anything be more strikingly beautiful and poetical than the last allusion? The crime of misrepresenting the dead and trifling with the affections and most sacred feelings of the living in their names, is one that can not be laid to Chinese heathens.

NO LONGER TIMID.—There never was a time when thought and opinion were so bold as now. Young ideas pay no homage to old ones unless they pay the test of the four-fold scrutiny. The young modern mind is impetuous, does not reflect long before rejecting or approving. This is the outburst of the pent up thought of past generations, that dared not speak or write their minds for fear of losing their personal liberty. When this surplus is worked off, conviction will be slower and expression more guarded, though perhaps no less decided. The dependence of ideas and speech is not confined to heretical classes, but it is becoming very common among creed and sect adherents who now often find reason to differ among themselves over points of doctrine or merit that heretofore suggested nothing but unity of sentiment. When followers dissent from their leaders there is sure to be a breaking up, and this seems to be a process in wider operation to-day than ever before. We do not think it bodes any harm to come, but simply, and happily, too, a general growth of healthy thought and individuality that is competent to select from Nature's great storehouse of truth and wisdom, that best suited to the one seeking its own.

His OWN SERMON.—Mr. Pridgen has been a minister in High Shoals, Ga., for many years, and, though aged, is said to possess a perfectly clear and sane mind. Some will discredit the latter statement because the old preacher has decided to preach his own funeral sermon, having set the second Sunday in April for the occasion. Mr. Pridgen has ordered a coffin to be made of a coffin, perfectly plain, and locked with a padlock. The receptacle will be placed beside him on the appointed day, and why should not one who is nearly done with this life preach his own funeral sermon? Does any one know a life so well as he who has lived it, kept its own council, weighed its own purposes, and worked out its own motives? We think the tongue would be singularly frank when speaking of the impulses, passions, sentiments, and all feelings of which has been the interpreter for a long lifetime. It would speak of a devout thought, a pious desire, but which Dr. Channing says, "is better than a great estate, or an earthly kingdom."

## A BUNDLE OF TOOLS.

A man is a great bundle of tools. He is born in this life without a knowledge of how to use them. Education is the process of learning the use, and dangers and abuses the whetstones that keep them sharp.

This being true of all humanity, does it not follow that charity should be the guiding rule of our judgments and dealings with our fellow mortals? Has anyone learned the perfect use of that mysterious "bundle of tools" done up in human form, without being wounded by some one or all of them? The inborn propensities, passions, and traits of humanity are proven every day to be dangerous things to handle, not only by their owners, but by those, as well, who are constituted by our civil laws as regulators and controllers of the public peace.

Education is a slow process, and while the various uses of our human tools are being studied, many a concession is made to failures of understanding, and many a harsh verdict passed through misapprehensions. The concessions that are daily made to errors of public judgment say: "That is wrong; this is wrong, but we can not forbid or suppress it, because the masses are not educated up to that degree that would warrant peaceable acceptance; therefore we must wait."

This is the way the world is inclined to deal with public error, affecting the whole tone of society. With individuals it is less lenient, and does not permit a long continuance in bungling with tools one is learning how to use, but ends the practice abruptly. Our sympathy is with the individual, and we hold that public example, its false efforts to handle and control the vast aggregate of human tools, called men, is nothing less than a temptation, since it licenses sin and ruin; thus it punishes individuals for the consequences. The liquor traffic is sanctioned by law, because it is claimed the world can not and will not do without alcohol. "The dangers and troubles" that come of a false handling of this human propensity ought to prove the best of "whetstones" to sharpen the public judgment, and temper its decisions to the interest and welfare of the masses it pretends to hold in first consideration. But does it?

OAKLAND SPIRITUALISTS.—The work is still going on in that city, and the interest is increasing. At Fraternity Hall, corner of Fernald and Seventh streets, last Sunday, there were good meetings, both in the afternoon and evening. In the evening Mrs. M. Miller of San Francisco, lectured and gave tests, and Mrs. DeRoth of San Francisco, worked for an hour giving psychometrical tests. Mrs. Rutler sang two solos that added much to the pleasures of the evening. Next Sunday evening it is the intention to have a medium's meeting, so to speak, and have more of a social character, depending in a great measure on the home people to give an interest to the occasion. There are quite a number of mediums who have promised to be present. There will also be some of our San Francisco present, as several have volunteered to be on hand, among them Mrs. M. Miller, symbol test medium; Mrs. DeRoth, tests by means of psychometry; Mrs. Farn, trance medium; Mrs. Rutler, with words, while the local mediums are Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Weir, Mrs. Cowell, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Bradley.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Monday evening last, Mrs. Owen, our faithful companion, and assistant in the editorial duties of the GOLDEN GATE, met with a serious accident that will add much to our own care during the next few weeks. While coming down the steps at the residence of Dr. Nellie Beigle she made a misstep, and received a bad fall, causing a severe shock to the nervous system. The doctor, who was standing in the doorway at the time, came instantly to her aid and assisted her into the house. The writer was immediately sent for, and has been almost constant attendance upon her ever since. Her friends will be pleased to know that she is out of danger, and improving, thanks to the care and skill of the good doctor and her faithful guides. As soon as she is able to be removed we intend to take her to the hills for a few weeks' change and rest. Absolute quiet is enjoined by her physician, and no one but her immediate attendants permitted to see her.

BOYTON HAS IN HIS MIND A MEMORY. His memory, however, is just like other people's memory. He can recollect everything that is remarkable about people, and everything that looked like a good action on his own part. And he is buried in oblivion.—BANNER OF LIGHT.

We have them here, also, Bro. Colby—people who never cease prating of their own immaculate purity, and that, too, while everybody else knows they are "whited sepulchres." If they would say less of their own goodness, and get themselves busy with the good of others, they would be a little closer to the heart of humanity hungering for the bread of life, how much more good they might accomplish.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—W. K. Colby was very successful in giving answers to sealed letters last Sunday evening, and his daughter, Ida M. Colby, gave several names and test messages. The answers to questions addressed to spirit friends giving names and messages while the sealed letters are held by the committee selected by the audience, afford conclusive evidence of the power of the invisibles, and should be given in a manner to preclude any charge of collusion or deception.

A Maine newspaper says that Mrs. Esther Potter, of Long Ridge, who has just died after a long illness from consumption, was the mother of four children, the youngest a babe. She could not bear to think of leaving the little one, and constantly prayed that it might go with her when she died. A few days ago, when it was plain that she was about to die, she called her family around her and bade them good-bye, and then, clinging to her, she prayed that it might die too. It had been perfectly well, apparently, but, after a kiss from its dying mother, closed its eyes, and in five minutes was dead.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—St. Louis has a mining company composed wholly of women.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Washburn and Miss Hattie Washburn, left a few days ago for a tour through Southern California.

—We have no time to waste on copy written on both sides of the paper. Correspondents will please take due notice hereof, and govern themselves accordingly.

—Mrs. S. Seip, psychometrist, has closed her meetings at the Hotel, and will resume her private consultations at her residence, 203 Herman street, near Haight and Webster.

—The *Banner of Light* informs us that Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker announced herself at the recent International Council of Women at Washington, D. C., as a "Christian Spiritualist."

—A city ticket composed of women for the Council and woman for Mayor, was elected in Oskaloosa, Kan., April 2d, by sixty-six majority. There are representative ladies, and a reform administration is looked for.

—We call attention to the special excellence and variety of the original contributions to this week's issue of the GOLDEN GATE. We respectfully submit that herein may be found much wholesome food for the hungry spirit.

—Dr. F. L. H. Willis has finally settled at the Mecca of Spiritualism, Rochester. Thirty-one years ago Harvard University turned him out and did Spiritualism a real service. He has been an apostle of the cause ever since.

—Mrs. A. D. Wiggins will occupy the platform, next Wednesday evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, 121 Larkin street. This lady will tell her experience of twenty-four years as an investigator and medium. Doors open free to all.

—In the death of Roscoe Conklin the nation loses one of its brightest intellects—a polished gentleman, a scholar, and a statesman. Perhaps one of the best of the many good things said of him is that he was always true to his friends.

F. E. Coote, our talented young friend from Melbourne, Australia, will speak before the Gnostic Society in the Place of Professor Chalmers, on Sunday evening, in room 17, Flood Building. All are invited, and those who attend will hear something of interest from him, on the subject of "Popular Delusions."

—On Sunday evening last A. P. Boston, of this city, lectured to the Spiritualists at Father Curtis' Hall to a good and appreciative audience. These meetings are becoming interesting, and are presided over by C. Eberhardt, and well attended by our German fellow citizens. Bro. Boston will lecture at the same hall on the coming Sunday evening.

—Bro. Samuel D. Greene, of 112 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writing to remit for papers sold, (a frequent and regular occurrence with him) says: "Allow me to express my hearty greetings and joyful expressions of joyal accolade to you and yours in your untiring devotion to the cause for the real and true development of the great and ever evolving advancement of all our 'singing humanity.'"

—The only way, perhaps, that will ever bring the Republican Party to its senses, is for the prohibitionists to stand firm for their candidates, in every election, and thus leave the former to meet continued and inevitable defeat. They may get tired of that after awhile, perhaps, and conclude that it is better to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty—the mighty demon of intemperance.

—The S. F. Examiner of Sunday last contains a fairly written and well-illustrated article on "Spirit Pictures," in which occurs an illustration of the spirit picture that appeared in last week's GOLDEN GATE, produced through the mediumship of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers; also the slate of twelve languages, through Fred Evans' mediumship, that first appeared in the G. G. a month ago, and a half ago. This slate, by the way, is a stumbling-block that no honest skeptic can readily overcome.

—We receive the most satisfactory notice of Mrs. Lillie, our leading speaker for the Campaign Meeting season, from all quarters. We publish this week a letter from Dr. Aspinwall, of No. 917 Market street, who is well and favorably known here, and who speaks from a knowledge of her work among the good people of Minneapolis, Minn. He says, in his hurried letter, that he is so much interested in the work of her husband, Mr. John T. Lillie, who is a fine singer, a good worker, and a noble, joyful fellow, and will please all who become acquainted with him.

—The oil painting by Dr. Rogers' spirit artists of Mrs. Bushyhead's daughter, Cora, (a small illustration of which appeared in the last issue of the GOLDEN GATE), was forwarded to its destination (San Diego), last week. A private letter of April 14th, just received from the mother, says: "I write to tell you that the dear picture 'came safely to me yesterday. I am so pleased 'with it, and so happy when I look at it, that I want to cry.' . . . Mr. Colville went into 'ecstasies over it, and it looks like the Cora as he 'sees her. Mr. C. is doing splendidly, has fine 'advances, and large classes."

—W. J. Colville's lectures in San Diego are not only attracting large numbers of the most thoughtful and intelligent residents and visitors, but are also calling forth the highest encomiums of the press. Quite a revolution in public sentiment is being effected. The cause of Spiritualism can not fail to be permanently benefited from this awakening, as W. J. Colville never misses an opportunity for shattering the objections of his hearers to this, our glorious philosophy. The following is from the columns of the San Diego *Bea* of April 19th: "We would like to call the attention of the Spiritualists to the fact that W. J. Colville's lectures 'now being given daily at the Southwest Institute. . . . No such intellectual treat has been given to the people of San Diego, and it has been the case of those who have heard him, that they are persons in the city should hear him. His lessons in metaphysics and philosophy are marvels of wisdom, and should be given to every man, woman, and child of how to live a perfect life."



A Played "Argonaut."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is questionable whether the *Argonaut's* latest distribe on Spiritualism is most remarkable for its venom, its ignorance, or its amusing insolence.

The wrath seems to be inspired by the alleged infidelity "to Christian precepts." Well, Spiritualism certainly does not indulge in the hope of an everlasting hell, nor does it hold out the hope of vicarious atonement; it does not teach that Bro. "Argonaut" can shift the responsibility of slander on the shoulders of an innocent personage, but in speaking of Spiritualism as "wrecking homes, dragging down respectable women, destroying families, causing lunacy crime and devility," he is either guilty of gross ignorance on the subject, or willful misrepresentation. In the prison statistics, we have published in the *Argonaut* some time ago, he gave ninety-nine per cent of the inmates to the various sects, and he says, "denominationalists including Spiritualists; and the statistics of the Insane Asylum are in about the same proportion. I am informed by an officer of the Napa Asylum that not one Spiritualist is now among its inmates. Let us put the truth, Bro. "Argonaut," and if we do not "denounce the devil," we will at least not shame the Christian churches to which we may belong.

The Brother says that Spiritualists "make" "professions of retaining some lingering traces of belief in the immortality of the soul, and of a future state." Here the Brother appears to be oblivious of the fact that immortality is the very thing that Spiritualism proves, relegating the believing part of it to the "Argonaut" Christians, who joyfully await a corpse resurrection.

To adequately criticize such a tirade would be impossible in the compass of a letter. I must therefore limit my remarks to the plums scattered through the pudding. The *Argonaut* is kind enough to admit that "there are some honest and good men and women who style themselves Spiritualists." I presume among these would be included Judge Edmonds, Prof. Hare, and others; but he says, "I denounce the devil," "has been no honest school of philosophy," "claimable individual having the audacity to 'claim a glimpse beyond the tomb,' etc. Now, in response to this I propose that I can, without a large amount of publicity, produce scores of 'responsible individuals' who have just done that very thing, not only once, but a hundred times, to say nothing of names so distinguished in literature and science as those of Fellows of the Royal Society, who published the result of their investigations years ago under test conditions, and one of whom—Prof. Wallace—lectured in our midst not many months ago on this subject. Can monumental egotism or egotistic insolence go farther than to include such gentlemen as these in the mob of stupid, dishonest, and ignorant 'that call themselves Spiritualists.' Hear him, ye gods; a Daniel come to judgment!

In quoting Plato and Socrates, high sounding names, he forgets to say that Socrates claimed to be entirely guided by a spirit, and Plato maligns "female mediums as women of questionable virtue" but slander has always been the favorite weapon of church and churchmen; when reason fails they fly to falsehoods to abuse.

Not many years ago the *Argonaut* would have lighted the fire for heretics, and Calvin would have found a cheerful advocate to justify the faggots of Servetus. Is it not lamentable to find in a vicious article on so vast and momentous a subject as the immortal soul, the same childish fancies and such consummate ignorance displayed? Here the Brother repeats the old story of the Fox sisters, "two maiden ladies," as he calls the children, "who knocked their knees together" and "cracked their toe-joints," forty years ago. Has the Brother just awakened from his Rip Van Winkle sleep? Does he never read anything but the *Argonaut*? Has he not even heard of Professors Crookes, Varley, Zollner, and other scientists, or of the published controversy with the Seybert Commission? Does he presume to set up his judgment above the verdict after crucial tests and the experiences of the most talented scientists in the world? Can consummate egotism excel this?

Spiritualism is no idle or curious question; it is vital; it is imperative; either we have got the electric cable extended across from shore to shore, or we have not; either we have received messages of deathless love from our immortal friends across this channel of communication, or we have not; do we know best, or shall an ignorant, flippancy editorial denounce? Shall we believe our own senses, or shall I bow down to the dictum of an *Argonaut*? Shall I after thirty-six years' investigation with and without mediums, in my own house, and on board my own ship, succumb to Bro. "Argonaut's" denunciation? I say, no! He and his church may believe in the whole story, and in all the superstitions and miracles of Holy Writ; he can believe in the massacre, murder, arson, rape, and robbery ordered by his Bible Lord in the last chapter of Judges; he can believe it right to believe that all the infamous atrocities related in that book were perpetrated, as claimed, under the instruction of Jehovah, and still not tremble at the blasphemy. He may revel in the contemplation, but when he undertakes to denounce intelligent men and women for believing in holier things, and for crediting the evidence of their own senses, he simply demonstrates the phenomenal obtusity and jaundiced prejudice of an otherwise brilliant intellect; and when he says that to teach the fact of spirit intercourse "is robbing the credulous," what is his church doing when it teaches immature children the monstrous fables of Christian superstition, at several thousand dollars a year for each of its ministers, incalculating their childish minds with the degrading fear of hell for unbelievers; and of scaring them into the fold by pictures representing demons crouching beneath the bed of the dying heretic, ready to clutch the departing spirit in his foul embrace? This detectable picture may be seen in a certain Sunday school in this vicinity.

Are these the kind of teachings the *Argonaut* advocates, in preference to the kind and holy lessons of Spiritualism? Which of these will send most lunatics to the asylum? It is not sufficient to take care, to hear the pitiful at times, on the Napa case, to hear the poor victims of the *Argonaut's* religion calling on "Jesus," or "Holy mother of God," to save them. Last week it was heart-breaking to hear the sobs and cries of two young girls on their way to the asylum. I asked the sheriff what had them in charge what he and his clerk had had, "Religion," he said, "too much religion." And it is this religion that has for ages covered the earth with terror, and that the *Argonaut* upholds against its mortal enemy, Spiritualism—enemy in this, that light is the eternal enemy of darkness, that in any case, it is not given to us to choose.

The agent or discoverer of a fact does not make it. The fact of spiritual telegraphy is here. Denunciation won't obliterate it; nor will the adherence of ever so many cranks, or those obnoxious-to-the-*Argonaut*, "long-haired" individuals modify it or affect it to a hair's breadth.

Spiritualism is not accountable for cranks, and even the cohesion of Mr. "Argonaut" himself makes it responsible for his anti-papal rables; the difference being the paper from the *Argonaut*. Trinitarianism could not be saddled on to Spiritualism, nor could his faith in three gods be, by any imaginable latitude, saddled on that philosophy, even if he listened to spirit raps in the presence of two obvious "maiden sisters," who appear to have incurred his bitter scorn, in consequence of their "toe-rattle," forty years ago. But even the "toe-rattle" of a "toe-joint" might lead to great discoveries in a scientific mind, and might be suggestive of other things than fraud even to the intellect of an *Argonaut*.

A piece of flint suggests nothing to an orthodox mind; but to a heretic, who knows the world was in existence countless ages before Adam's time, the flint implement in the tertiary proves the existence, in that era, of man; because, so far as our experience goes, nothing but man could form such implements. In like manner, we infer from the phenomena of Spiritualism that only man or woman could produce them, because, as far as our experience goes, no other agency could evince intelligence.

When I was near, I was awakened by rapping on my bedstead. No one was there, not even the sisters, were present. When fully awake, I inquired the cause. Three raps responded. I repeated the alphabet, and the message was spelled out. "I am required in England immediately." I obeyed the message, and departed on the next steamer, finding, on my arrival, that the ship, which it is unnecessary to state in this connection, was the "Queen of Clippers," these same raps woke and warned me of danger of collision with the ship "Sabine," with whom we exchanged signals at daybreak, crossing each other on opposite tracks.

Now, who rapped me up that winter night? And here the question arises, Why should this we carry the line of the *Argonaut*, or the denunciation of Father Prendergast? If no raps occurred, then neither of these spiritualistic foes have grounds of action; but if my statement is proven by the "Queen's" logbook, and the fact of my being on deck all night by the testimony of Chief Officer Geer, then—who made the raps, friend or foe? If a friend, then what was the *Argonaut's* wife to write me in the devil, in fact—was Father Prendergast and the clergy claim—then why in Hades did he endeavor to save us all from perdition that night?

In saying that all the clergy harmonize on the same theory, that Spiritualism ignores their churches, I may mention a very notable exception, in the truly "Reverend" T. Starr King. Intimately acquainted with him, he always stayed at my house when lecturing in our country. I ventured to ask him, on one occasion, when driving him to the emporium, for his opinion on the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism. He replied that, in his opinion, it was perfectly consonant with reason; and more, "I believe as we carry our convictions with us, that in this terrible struggle principles and powers are in conflict on the other side. Slavery has there, as here, its adherents; it is decreed that the Union shall be preserved." He was terribly in earnest, as he always was when speaking of the moral conflict then raging; and I felt so impressed with the deep solemnity of his utterances, that I simply sat and listened to his sonorous voice. I felt too deeply moved to ask any more questions.

I may mention another notable Spiritualist in the walks of the clergy, the Rev. Frederick T. Gray, our First Unitarian Minister, who, in 1854, visited my house several times a week to discuss the interesting and novel subject; and who afterwards, in Boston, directed his wife to write me from his dying bed his unshaken conviction in our mutual belief. Would the *Argonaut* consider these two distinguished ministers respectable witnesses? Here the Brother repeats the old story of the Fox sisters, "two maiden ladies," as he calls the children, "who knocked their knees together" and "cracked their toe-joints," forty years ago. Has the Brother just awakened from his Rip Van Winkle sleep? Does he never read anything but the *Argonaut*? Has he not even heard of Professors Crookes, Varley, Zollner, and other scientists, or of the published controversy with the Seybert Commission? Does he presume to set up his judgment above the verdict after crucial tests and the experiences of the most talented scientists in the world? Can consummate egotism excel this?

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A Word Concerning San Diego.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As so much has already been said, and that many times, in the *GOLDEN GATE*, as well as in numerous other papers, concerning this fair city by the sea, I do not know that I can add anything of importance by way of interest or information. Still, as the latest items of news concerning any celebrated place are generally welcome, I will venture to so far trespass, with your kind permission, on your valuable space, as to speak of the place itself and matters here as they strike me on the occasion of this, my second visit.

When I first landed here, in October, 1886, I found a comparatively small, crude and not particularly interesting city, of about eight thousand inhabitants. The public halls were very inferior, and there was absolutely nothing at Coronado beach except the sand. After an interval of only eighteen months, I find, in April 1888, a really handsome city, with many beautiful buildings, excellent halls, fine hotels, and a population estimated at fully 27,000; and at Coronado beach as fine a hotel as one can meet with in Europe, at old and world-famed watering places.

As the city has grown in outward beauty and proportions, so it has grown also in spiritual and intellectual directions. A large and ever increasing throng are interesting themselves in all that concerns the immortal destiny, as well as the present welfare of the race; therefore, whenever subjects pertaining to the deepest welfare of the human family are brought forward for consideration, the invitation to discuss them is eagerly taken advantage of by hundreds.

My own experience this season is particularly pleasing. I can so easily see the growth in public liberal sentiment, and while the city is not so vast as Los Angeles, nor the population so utterly cosmopolitan, there seems fully as much depth and earnestness of feeling as in the larger city. To turn for a moment to the material aspect of affairs, and speak of finance. I must say I was most agreeably surprised to find a total absence of extortion at hotels and boarding houses.

Rents are not so high as in Los Angeles. To give a sample experience of my own for the benefit of others who may be traveling this way, I pay only twenty dollars per month for the finest room in the house, on the first floor, in a most agreeable and accessible locality. Such a room could not be hired anywhere in Los Angeles for less than thirty dollars. Then as to hall rent, nothing could be got in Los Angeles for less than five dollars per evening; here I get a lovely room for a dollar and a half in a first-class building and neighborhood. Board is quite as high as in Los Angeles, though room rent is much cheaper. At Coronado Beach the prices at the Grand Hotel by the month are extremely moderate, only sixty dollars for excellent accommodation.

I think the most features of the boom must be over in San Diego, while permanent prosperity on a reasonable and substantial basis seems now the order of events. With kindest remembrance to San Francisco friends, I remain, as ever, Yours sincerely, W. J. COVILLE, 1812 Fourth Street, San Diego.

That Spiritual Colony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you be kind enough to say in your next issue to Mr. H. B. Foreman, of Pittsfield, Ill., and all others concerned, that an unparalleled opportunity is now offered for securing a large tract of the best land to be found in this country, at very reasonable rates and on excellent terms. I regard it as a golden opportunity. Rich land, no irrigation required, all fruits, vegetables, grains, etc., raised in great abundance—one crop a year without irrigation, four by partial irrigation—and in the most healthful region of the world. If the Spiritualists mean business in this direction, and will write me at once, I will supply them with all the needed information free of expense, except stamp to prepay all letters and other sources of information. Direct all communications to Dr. T. B. Taylor, Cor. Third and B streets, San Diego, Cal., and I will promptly reply to all inquiries as above. That is, send stamps, or stamped and superscribed envelopes.

Faithfully, your obedient servant, T. B. TAYLOR, M. D. SAN DIEGO, April 11, 1888.

HE HAD TRIED OTHER BELTS.

WATSONVILLE, CAL., May 19, 1888. To MESSRS. PIERCE & SON'S *Golden Gate*.—Having had an opportunity of writing to you concerning the welfare of my back and the influence your Belt had thereon, I wish to inform you that your Belt has entirely cured me of a weak back, from which I have suffered for over ten years. I bought a belt from Mr. A. McLaughlin, Denver, Colorado, during the summer of 1886, for which I paid him \$15, and received no benefit from his so-called Clark Belt, and I used his belt about two months, and I can plainly see now that his belt (\$15 Clark) is of very small value. If the so-called Clark Belt was worth recommending I would gladly do so, but, reader, I can never recommend the above-mentioned belt such as the one I got from McLaughlin.

To all who need a good Belt I therefore recommend PIERCE'S GALVANIC CHAIN BELT, both for electricity and durability, and if the *Pierce Belt* don't cure you, you are incurable.

Yours, Very Truly, ANDREW J. WALSH. Read Dr. Pierce & Son's advertisement in another column of this paper. a2t

THE MEDICAL LAW.

The old doctors have obtained a law giving them a monopoly of caring for the sick; if they had not, their business would have been gone. Read the following:

Another Miracle.

DR. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa, Iowa.—My Dear Friend:—I esteem it not only a pleasure, but a duty that I owe, not to yourself alone, but to the public, to set forth some facts respecting my mental and physical condition during the past year, and in the early part of the year 1883, my nervous system became very much affected, so that I was unable to sleep. This restless and sleepless condition continued to that extent that many nights in succession I was unable to close my eyes, all of which was reducing my physical powers and also affecting the mental; in fact, the whole structure was gradually becoming weaker and weaker each succeeding day, and during all this time I was seeking the various patent medicines, and consulting the best medical ability I could find in Michigan and northern Minnesota, but of no avail; and finally I was advised to cross the continent, and in October I took a trip to Puget Sound, returning home on November 1st, having received little or no benefit from my journey.

Upon returning home I again consulted an eminent physician, who informed me that nothing but temporary relief could be afforded me, and that I went on until about November 25th, when a friend, hearing of my situation, brought me one of Dr. Dobson's ciphers, advising and urging me to try the magnetic healer of Maquoketa, Iowa. I finally consented, under protest, to send for a diagnosis of my case. This was November 25th. On the 27th I slept some, but from the latter date up to and including December 4th, I did not sleep, all told, twenty minutes, at which time my mind and memory had become so weakened, and with a distracted brain, I was on the verge of insanity. At the time of the arrival of the first month's medicine, December 5th, I had about fully made up my mind that my case was hopeless, and my restoration doubtful in the extreme, as it had baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians in different sections of the country. I commenced your treatment on December 5th, and ere I had taken the first month's medicine I could readily perceive a marked change in my mental and physical condition, and before the second month was ended, to my surprise, and that of my friends, I regarded myself fully restored, both mentally and physically, to as good a degree of health as I have enjoyed in twenty years, and for the same I express my heartfelt thanks to Dr. Dobson, the magnetic healer, of Maquoketa, Iowa, to whom I am indebted as the restorer of my health.

Very Respectfully, SAMUEL MAPFETT.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winkler's *Boonville* state should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the bowels, and all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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(TITLE PAGE.)

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(-OR THE-)

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]  
Boston Letter.

BY JOHN WETHEBER.

The anniversary of Modern Spiritualism is always a great day for Spiritualists in this city, growing more and more so as the years roll on. Its first annual notice as a celebration was in 1868, when it was just twenty years old. That celebration, in Music Hall, was a great success, both in the facts and philosophy ably presented by our most distinguished platform lights, and also by the immense attendance from the city and the suburbs. From that day it was decided to recognize the day annually, and has been called our Eastern. The Spiritualists elsewhere have favored the idea; the celebration has got to be general, and all over this country, and in fact all over the world, the forthright just past has not only been exceptional, but more general if anything than ever before. Even the cities and towns in our vicinity have had local celebrations; everywhere where regular or occasional meetings are held have this year had their local celebration. On this day the suburbs for miles around have generally visited the Hub, and their many faces have added largely to the gatherings. I thought possibly the local celebrations announced in our vicinity, with talent invited and employed, would make a perceptible reduction in the attendance in this city, but it did not seem to at all. The Spiritualists of the vicinity, and from more or less distant places in this and neighboring states, seemed to fill the city up during the latter part of the week, and they seemed inclined to take it all in, and the freshness of the faces at the gatherings were quite manifest even before the day arrived. I was afraid also there would be an apparent falling off from last year, as then it was, and always ought to be, a union celebration when the Berkeley Hall Society, and the Phenomenal and the Lyceum, and the Ladies' Aid, the Societies of Eagle and College Hall, all united and filled Tremont Temple, and it was a magnificent celebration, and its immensity was noticeable by the outside world.

The Ladies' Aid Society did not seem to be satisfied with its share of the emoluments of the honors, and yet everything was done on the square and no fault could have been found; but they at once engaged Tremont Temple for the next anniversary and concluded, as heretofore, to have an anniversary under their own auspices. So this season the celebration was divided into two, the smaller societies going as individuals to the one they chose. The two celebrations, one at Tremont Temple, and the other at Berkeley Hall, was a mile apart, it was not an easy matter to attend both, but I circulated as best I could, and took them all in, and can say, as my opinion, take them in the aggregate, there was a larger attendance than ever before. Of course the Tremont Temple was not packed as it was last year, when it was a union celebration, but it was a very fair audience, and the services composed of short speeches, and the performances of the Lyceum children were very interesting, and tests were also given by those very remarkable mediums, Emerson and Stiles.

The best spiritual talent was on the platform of Berkeley Hall, Capt. Holmes being the President of that Society, which, on this occasion, was packed full all day, and the audience listened to able addresses by Mrs. Colby Luther and Mrs. Shepard Lillie, and also J. W. Fletcher, who occupied one of the sessions. The celebration at Berkeley Hall was every way a great success, and hundreds had to be refused admittance, there not being even standing room for a person to crowd in. This was the meeting on Saturday, the 31st, the day as celebrated at the Tremont Temple and Berkeley Hall.

The celebration was not confined to that day, and unless we notice the occurrences of other days, particularly the Sundays following and preceding March 31st, we would be giving but a small part of the really great celebration. The Phenomenal Society had its celebration on the last Sunday in March, which was very interesting, and well attended. The new Temple on the corner of Exeter street, at which Mr. Ayers presides, had an interesting occasion, also, on the last Sunday in March, Dr. Caswell giving the address on the Fortieth Anniversary of Spiritualism, and with additional appropriate exercises was very interesting.

The Saturday's celebrations at the Berkeley Hall and the Tremont Temple by no means ended with Saturday, but overflowed into the Sunday that followed. The former Society continuing at the same Hall, and in every sense a celebration, Mrs. Lillie giving one of the most interesting and eloquent addresses one ever listened to. In the afternoon were several speeches, and Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, John Wetherbee, and others, were listened to, and the two days, Saturday and Sunday, were certainly as interesting occasions as the Hub has ever seen, and those fortunate enough to get inside of that hall on those two days will endorse this strong statement.

The Ladies' Aid Society, or the Tremont Temple celebration, was continued the Sunday following, but was held in Paine Hall. Three sessions composed of readings, vocal and instrumental music, tests by Joseph D. Stiles, and an address by Dr. H. B. Storer. In the evening there were interesting and appropriate ad-

dresses by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Dr. H. B. Storer, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Thomas Dowling, and Mr. Jacob Edson. Those who could not get into Berkeley Hall went to Paine Hall, which is in the neighborhood, so that both places were well attended.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]  
A Dream.

We were nearing our three-score years. We took our little all, saved from varied vicissitudes, and invested it in wild land in the vicinity of popular medical springs. We bought fifty acres, and cleared and set out, to a variety of the choicest fruit, about one-half of it. It flourished wonderfully. Our neighbors said God was helping us.

We had seen the wretchedness of many destitute invalids who came to bathe in the pool of "Ozark." Our pity was moved. We asked God to make it possible for us to succeed financially, sufficiently to build a hospital large enough to accommodate at least twenty-five, and at our expense to leave enough to support it. We said to ourselves that if we could accomplish that, then we would be ready to die.

We "renounced the world;" lived according to nature; toiled to the extent of our ability. We had succeeded so well that we thought that with the next year's crop of fruit we could beautify our home, and have a pleasant and easy old, old age. Our fruit was nearly all killed by frost. We had to content ourselves to live in our unfinished, unfurnished house another year, or as long as God willed. We believed ourselves perfectly reconciled to God's will, whatever it might be, but one cold winter eve, just before retiring, I looked at the bare walls and uncarpeted floor of our sitting room, and I allowed a little murmur to rise to my lips. I went to bed feeling a little discomfited—feeling that, perhaps, we were not being "kind enough to ourselves."

I slept, I dreamed. In a canoe I crossed the Jordan. On the other side I was introduced to some of the "doomed" to despair. My penchant for investigating cause and effect was still in the ascendancy, and I asked them "what madness brought them thither?"

One said: "My besetting sin was the ever controlling desire to construct me a dwelling place which would eclipse in cost and show anything yet fashioned. I made everything subservient to that end. I ignored the calls of humanity. I shut out all spiritual influence. I succeeded in my enterprise. I used 'Mordish's' inscription on the front of my structure, 'What won't money do?'"

"With what triumphant airs did I respond to the plaudits of fools. What a great man I felt myself, as the wonders I had accomplished flashed 'all over.' I was ready to be happy. My wife and daughters were accomplished. There were but few select enough for our guests. Our habitation was not accessible to the cry of distress. No starving children were allowed to cross our threshold, or soil our dainty carpets, with their sandal feet, to beg a crumb of sustenance."

"We only lived for ourselves; sought no other good. But, alas, the retribution came. There is ever singing in my ears, 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord, 'I will repay.'"

"My faithful slave who used to fan me while I slept, and trembled when I awoke, is so far above me that I can not, though I would, 'call him to give me a cup of cold water to cool my parched tongue.'"

"Mine ear was too pained, and my soul too rich, to listen to further recital. I awoke, praising God for another lesson of humility and resignation. Not a murmur has since escaped my lips, and may one never. If the object of our struggles is attained, (which we have reason to hope), it is enough at whatever sacrifice to ourselves."

I rejoice that he, whose help-mate I try to be, is so determined in our purposes. Indeed, too, our unfinished rooms have an additional beauty—yes, a halo of glory, for the "Sun of Righteousness and the celestial hosts descend to visit us, and give us audible and cheering converse."

S. R. C.  
HOT SPRINGS, Ark., April 8, 1888.

"Now, Brudder Johnson, does yo' b'lieve in open or close communion, Sah?" Candidate (diplomatically, not knowing deacon's view.) "Well, some likes it open, 'some closed, but fo' me, I says leave it ajar."

MYSTERY is the antagonist of truth. It is a fog of human invention that obscures truth, and represents it in distortion.—Thomas Paine.

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EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mrs. Whitney gave two public seances in Louis' Opera House, San Diego, to intelligent and deeply interested audiences crowding the building to its utmost limit. Many were turned away, unable to gain admittance, as every foot of available space was occupied.

On both evenings scores of positive and startling tests were given, many of which struck the skeptics receiving them with dumb amazement. They were of such a nature, and put in such a way as to utterly annihilate the theory of collusion or fraud on the part of the medium.

It was my pleasure to attend Mrs. Whitney's second seance; it was the first one of her public seances the writer had ever attended, and it was in every particular a grand success.

The audience was composed largely of people who never attend a spiritualist meeting, and who had no faith whatever in Spiritualism. But such was the astonishing nature of the tests given, of which Mrs. Whitney could have had no knowledge, however, that many, for the first time in their lives, were convinced of spirit return, it being demonstrated as an undeniable fact.

Mrs. Whitney and her noble guides are doing a grand work in opening the eyes of the blind, and bringing loved ones in spirit life face to face, so to speak, with those dear to them in mortal form. During her stay in San Diego she has been kept busy giving private sittings to eager seekers after the better way, as have also Dr. and Mrs. Stansbury in their most convincing phases of mediumship, slate writing and spirit photography.

The dear faces long since vanished appear again upon the plate with the sitter in the form, thus demonstrating the fact that those we thought dead are alive, and happy in spirit life.

A magnificent future is in store for these grand mediums, and their journey East will be productive of great good to the cause of pure Spiritualism, scattering the good seed of the kingdom from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard. We had the pleasure of spending a very enjoyable day with them as our guests at Sunnyside, only regretting that their stay could not be longer. They left on the 10th inst. for Kansas City. N. F. RAVLIN.

"Tis with our judgments as with our watches—none go just alike, yet each believes his own.—Pope.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]  
To a Bird Singing Upon My Balcony.

BY REBEA A. FITZGERALD.

Sing, thou fair bird, upon these sun-crowned hills,  
In thy sweet music strains is no alloy;  
The spirit of the melody dwells  
In sparkling floods of joy.

O, fairest minstrel of this happy earth,  
Hush not thy cheerful notes for thy tongue  
With harmonies and raptures that enliven  
My soul with heavenly fire.

Nature's own poet—pouring out thy life—  
In thy sweet benedictions thing not  
Weaving into harmony the strife  
Of each discordant thought.

Thou seemest like some spirit from a sphere  
Unknown to sorrow and untried pain;  
As in a calm, sweet, divine and clear,  
Thou pourst out thy strain!

Thou art my pattern, messenger of good,  
The errand that thou bringest in thy wing;  
Dear little truant of the glen and wood,  
Haste not so soon away!

Haste not, thou little harpist so fair,  
Robed in the sunbeams of the balmy day,  
Thou chargest every thought and dream of care  
To a melodious lay!

No more I hear thee! Where hast thou flown?  
What groves or dells with thy clear notes resound?  
What hillside meadow that claims thee for its own,  
O, tell me, hast thou found?

Farewell, thou little bird, but not for aye,  
And when the sky is clear thou shalt come again;  
When June puts on her robes of blossoms gay  
Mine ear will catch thy strain!

Mine ear will listen, and I'll know 'tis thou,  
The same fair song will waft me as before;  
By intuition I shall hold the key  
To thy enchanting lore!

Separation.

Dear, tender hands! that somewhere on God's earth  
Seen, cold and empty, barred from clasp of mine;  
O hands that would have clung to me in death  
Of other help—my hands have been of thine!

Strong hands that have helped me in my need,  
That never would have thrust me careless by;  
Kind hands! I know that many a loving deed  
Would cheer my weary day, were you but nigh.

Sometimes I dream, dear hands, that once again  
The magic of your touch may thrill my brain;  
The joy of meeting exercise my pain,  
E'en though again my lonely path should part.

No more? Would not the clasp of hands unclasp  
The silent portals of the lips, and words—  
Faint words, so long repressed—then flock  
To speech—as breaks the dawn with song of birds?

Ah, dear! I could not bear it. Sundered wide  
Our paths still lie. Why should we try to reach  
Across the gulf, why be so ever nigh,  
Of silent years break forth in useless speech?

And so I pray, dear hands, that touch of thine  
Shall never be forgot. Death's triumph hour,  
With softest caress touch cheek and hand of mine  
Until I lie too cold for passion's power.

Then come, just once, dear hands, when mine are cold,  
And stir not at your coming, gently take  
The frozen fingers in your living hold,  
An instant, clasp them to the cold thro's sake.

—JESSIE F. O'DONNELL, in "Boston Transcript."

Seeds of Kindness.

There was never a golden sunbeam  
That fell on a desolate place,  
But left some trace of its presence  
That time could never efface.

Not a song of ineffable sweetness  
That ravished the listening ear,  
Then slumbered in silence forgotten  
For many and many a year.

But a word or a tone might awaken  
Its magical power anew,  
Long after the sweet-sounding singer  
Had faded from earthly view.

No heart that was ever so weary,  
Or tainted with sin and despair,  
But a word of tender compassion  
Might find an abiding place there.

Yet countless thousands are yearning  
For sympathy, kindness and love,  
And souls are groping in darkness  
Without one gleam from above.

There was never a sunbeam wasted,  
Nor a song that was sung in vain,  
And souls that seem lost in the shadows  
A Savior's love may reclaim.

Then scatter the sunbeams of kindness,  
Though your deeds may never be known,  
The harvest will surely be in glory  
If the seed be faithfully sown.

And life will close with a blessing,  
And fade into endless day,  
Like the golden hues of the sunbeam  
That fade in the twilight gray.

Courage.

We walk a weary way to-day,  
There's naught but loss and sorrow;  
From heights of grief we can not see,  
One promise for to-morrow.

The hearts we loved have turned away,  
Have failed and turned away,  
And those who loved us truly,  
Have vanished with the day.

The generous harvests we have sown,  
With hopes and naught of fears,  
The seeds we planted with our smiles,  
And watered with our tears.

Have brought us to no gracious yield,  
Have given no golden harvest;  
The bread we cast upon the wave,  
Has come not back again.

The ventures which, like lighted ships,  
We set our life's wide way,  
No welcome dove has e'er returned,  
Our dying hopes have flown.

Go down amid the darkness,  
The ships, the freight, and all—  
And naught but hollow echoes come,  
Responsive to our call.

What shall we do with our great loss?  
How bear the void and sorrow?  
Fold idle hand and murmur mock,  
Still doubting the to-morrow?

Not so, dear hearts! I rise, strong and true,  
Still bear with patient sweetness,  
To-morrow will bring a day,  
That brings you all completed.

—SCOTT CAMPBELL, in "The Inter Ocean."

"Can you bear a Truth in the fire's fire?  
Or claim a Thought in the danger's fire?  
Or say the Soul, when it sears away,  
In glorious flame from the moldering fire?"  
The Truth that shines when it sears away,  
The Spirit ascending, all away "No."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]  
IV Chronicles.—Chapter I.

BY LUFA.

1. And it came to pass, when a certain kingdom was at peace with all the world, so that none said, The enemy is upon us, and there was no arming and going forth unto battle, neither was there any more labor for the makers of spears, and of arrows, and of lances, nor for the workers in helmets and shields, that the members of the royal court said one to another,

2. What shall we do in the hours and the days that weary us with their sameness?

3. If we do no great thing before the people, how shall they be persuaded that we be necessary unto them, that they may bring unto us their shekels of gold and of silver, so we may not toil in the fields; and they say among themselves, Lo, they have become like unto us! Go to, now, let us cast them out altogether.

4. And they said, Let us inquire of the Jester, even of the King's Fool; and they did so.

5. Then the Jester said, Behold, I am gaining wisdom with years, and soon shall be no more worthy to be called the King's Fool.

6. Therefore choose you now two children of tender years, and train them according to your liking, that they may fill my place when foolishness hath departed from me.

7. And the thing pleased the men of the court; so they looked about, and they found two male children that had not yet come to years of understanding, and they did take them apart from their kindred, and commanded that they should not speak one to another, but should be kept in separate apartments of the King's palace, the one on the east side, and the other on the west side.

8. And they said, Aforetime have we taught foolishness, and it hath become wisdom; now will we teach wisdom, that it may become foolishness.

9. And they commanded that no window should be in the walls of the rooms, and every part of the roof thereof should be of darkened glass, and it was so.

10. And the servants did come and go, and bring meat and drink and changes of raiment while it was yet dark, so that they saw no man; but they did learn to speak the speech of the people.

11. And as the children grew in years, the prophets were bidden to speak much in their hearing of those things which the Lord God had done aforetime for his people, and had wrought upon them which feared him not.

12. And they said, Lo, we be the chosen people of the Lord our God; but all others be heathen, and their gods be gods of stone, and of brass, and of clay; yea, our God is the only living and true God, even the spirit, for the spirit is that which giveth life.

13. Are we not fashioned in his image? Hath he not parts like unto us? Doth he not bless us when we hearken unto his word? Is he not grieved when we turn our hearts towards Satan, and angry when we despise the counsels of the prophets?

14. And they did talk among themselves of Satan, who goeth abroad like a roaring lion, yet is so wise as to oftentimes deceive the very elect, the heirs of light, for verily he is an evil spirit that taketh firm like unto our own.

15. And the children heard these things and wondered much concerning what the prophets and wise men did say.

16. They said within their hearts, What is that which they call light, and who be God and Satan, so like unto each other and to us? When shall we know them, and where shall we go to seek for them?

17. Then they asked the wise men, but one answered, No one hath seen God at any time; and another answered, In my flesh shall I see God. One said, He is tempted in all points, like as we are; and another said, God is a spirit.

18. So they agreed not among themselves, and the youth grew up so troubled in mind and heavy-hearted about these things that the King's court rejoiced greatly, saying, Now shall we have a Fool according to our liking; verily the Jester is getting wiser and past his usefulness; let us put him aside, and bring forth these younger ones, that we may judge between them.

19. Then they put a robe on the Jester and a ring on his hand, and sat him in one of the high places among themselves, and commanded that windows should be opened in the walls of the two rooms, the one on the east side and the other on the west side.

20. In the morning, at the rising of the sun, was the east window opened, and they said unto the youth, Lo, that is light.

21. And it dazzled the eyes of the youth, so that he turned his back upon it, and saw, up against the wall which had been behind him, a shape like unto himself, and he said, There is God.

22. And he looked again out of the window and said, All things have a God. God is in all places, and all are coming unto me. Then were the windows closed.

23. In the after part of the day, near the going down of the sun, the windows of the west room were opened, and they said unto the youth therein, Lo, that is light.

24. And the brightness dazzled the eyes of this youth also, so that he turned his back upon it, and up against the wall which had been behind him he saw a shape like unto his own, and he said, That is Satan.

25. Then he looked forth again and said, All things have a Satan. Satan is

in all places, and all are coming unto me. And the windows of this room were shut.

26. When the noon of the next day had come, the two young men were removed into the midst, between the two rooms, where there was no roof, and commanded to look; and lo, up against the wall behind them they saw no shapes, for the light from above shone down full upon them.

27. And the one from the east room said, God hath grown very small, so that he is even under my feet; and the one from the west room said, Satan hath grown exceeding small, so that he is even under my feet.

28. And they said to each other, If you are like unto me, and I am like unto you, let us climb together toward that which they call light, which seemeth greater than God and Satan, inasmuch as it creeth both.

29. Then were the King's court and the wise men astonished at the result of that which they had done, and said one to another, We thought to train up fools for amusement. Verily, which be the fools, they or ourselves?

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Beware of Imitations.

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true, and that the human mind has given my heart the great  
comfort in the severe loss I have had of son, daughter,  
and mother.

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I am sure must be far more sensitive to spirit power  
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Jan. 14.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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Passenger trains will leave and arrive at Passenger  
Depot, Townsend St., 3rd and 4th Sts., San Francisco:

LEAVE S. F.	Commencing Aug. 20, 1888.	ARRIVE S.
8:30 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park.	8:45 A.
10:40 A.		10:55 A.
11:30 A.		11:45 A.
1:30 P.		1:45 P.
3:30 P.		3:45 P.
5:30 P.		5:45 P.
7:30 P.		7:45 P.
9:30 P.		9:45 P.
11:30 P.		11:45 P.
1:30 A.		1:45 A.
3:30 A.		3:45 A.
5:30 A.		5:45 A.
7:30 A.		7:45 A.
9:30 A.		9:45 A.
11:30 A.		11:45 A.
1:30 P.		1:45 P.
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7:30 A.		7: